

and he said, "Sir?"

and I said, "The Napoleon. That one!"

and he said, "Sir, perhaps you would point at the pastry you desire,"

and I all but shouted, "That fucker there! The goddamn Napoleon!"

and he said, "I'm sorry, sir, but there are no Napoleons on the cart."

I reddened and said, "That asshole over there told me that fucker was a Napoleon,"

and Esme said, "I told you there were no Napoleons,"

and Bobbie said, "Anyone knows a Napoleon when he sees one,"

and I said, "Give me a piece of the chocolate cake then,"

and the stuffed shirt said,
"The Black Forest cake, sir?"

and I said, "Yeah the Schwartzwaldertorte,"

but, to tell you the truth, my German pronunciation didn't recoup me many points.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA

BENT HOOK, BROKEN LINE, NO SINKER

The girl pulls the dress over her head.
Breasts emerge like new volcanic islands.
Rasdale's mouth rivals Death Valley in dryness.

In bed, afterwards, Rasdale asks if it was good for her too. Saying it couldn't have been better, she reaches for the TV Guide. Rasdale notes a lack of sincerity in her voice.

While driving her home, he tries to make another date and is parried at each new suggestion. Rasdale should meet her brother, she says, since they have so much in common.

The final goodbye is the closest
Rasdale will ever come to kissing a dead fish.